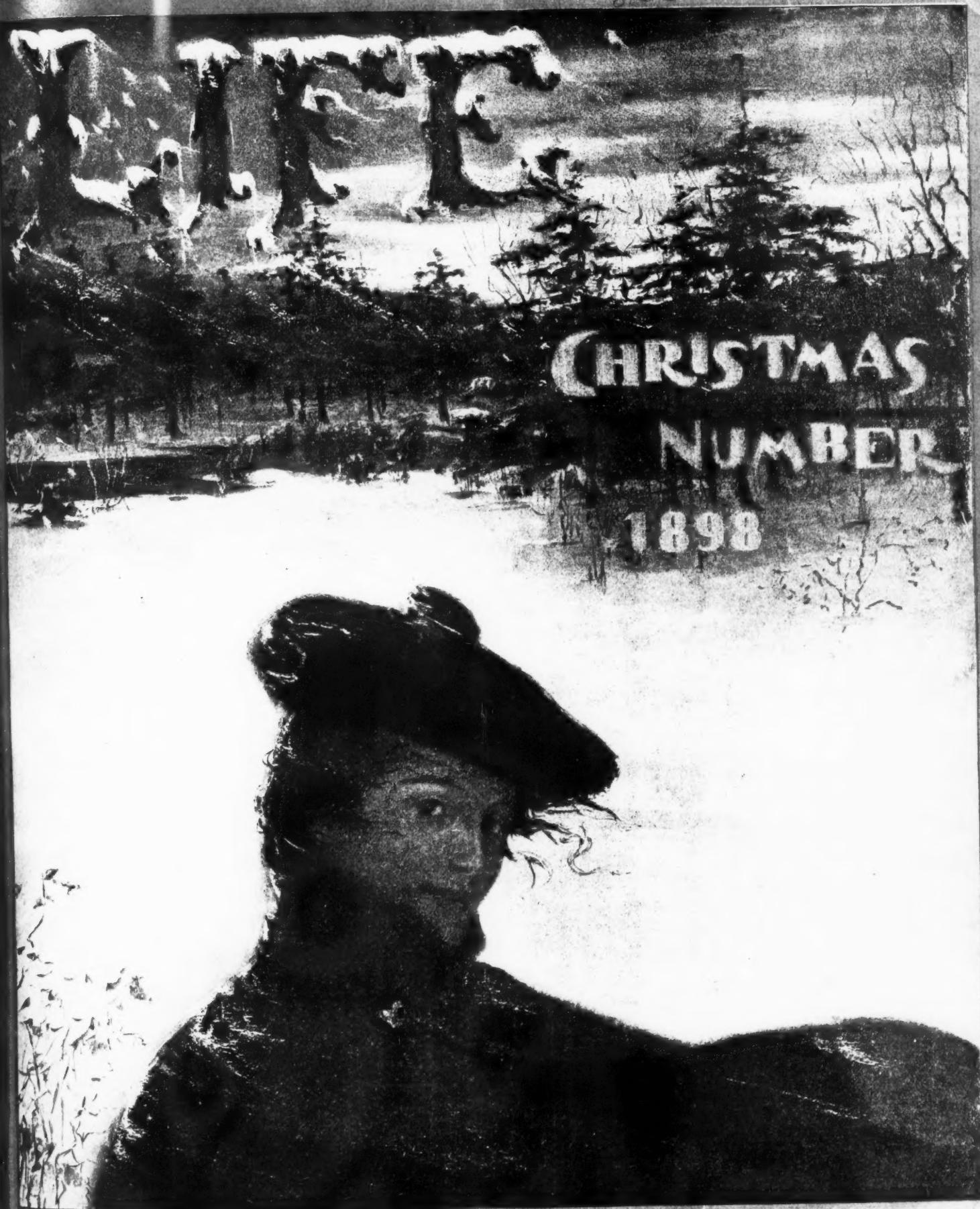


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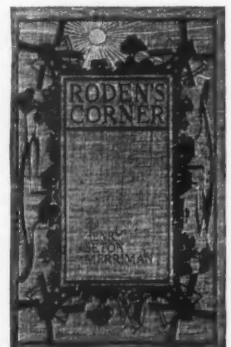
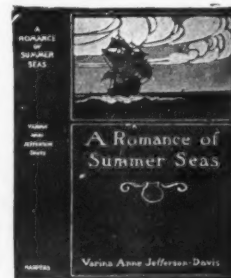
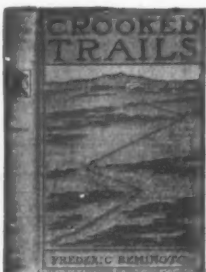
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# ·LIFE·

DECEMBER 3  
1898.



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THE MAIDEN AND THE MISTLETOE.

A SOLILOQUY.

"Now, if I hang you over this dark corner he won't see you; and if I hang you in the light he won't dare."



### Labuntur Anni.

**L**OST man! Lost man!  
People, have you met him?  
Idle fellow; loath to delve,  
Indisposed to scheme,  
Liked too well to shirk his task  
When circumstances let him;  
Loved to sit about and loaf,  
And strum the strings and dream.

What he dreamt of, Heaven knows!  
Love and faith and beauty—  
Towers that glittered in the sun—  
Vales of sheltered peace.  
Gone is he this twenty years;  
Baffling all pursuit, he  
Loiters—where? While fast on me  
The sober years increase.

Lost man! Lost man!  
People, have you met him?  
Meditative seeming chap of—  
Maybe—twenty-three?  
Good riddance, very probably,  
And yet I can't forget him.  
I wish I had him back to dream  
My Christmas dream for me.

E. S. Martin.

### Hints for the Holidays.

**C**HRISTMAS has been defined by one who had more truth than poetry in his soul as a time when you spend a great deal of money that you can't afford to lose, and get a great many things you would much rather be without. The main underlying principle of present-giving consists in the selection of an article which, either for particular and personal reasons, is unwelcome to the recipient, or which, from the nature of the thing itself, must inevitably be unwelcome to anybody. It requires some taste and judgment to reach

the first standard of undesirability, but the second lies within the grasp of all. In the hurry and press of Christmas shopping, it is not always easy to remember our friend's antipathies, and to choose a gift which will have the peculiar and delicate grace of personal inappropriateness; a gift which another man or woman might desire and enjoy, and which we know this especial victim would rather not possess. But one has only to enter any shop and buy at random, to secure a cadeau which all our acquaintances would be equally reluctant to own.

A little counsel in this matter may assist thoughtless people to pass from the crude snatching of broadly undesirable articles to a more subtle refinement of choice. If, for instance, our friend be no reader, naturally we give her a book, and any book will do. But if she does read, the problem requires some consideration. Perhaps she has expressed a liking for "The Seven Seas," or Mr. Austin Dobson's frivolous verse. "Sordello," and "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," would then suggest themselves at once as proper books to

buy. If "Rupert of Hentzau" be her delight, we might choose between "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" and a "Handbook of Primitive Religions." Should she, on the other hand, worship esoterically at the shrine of Mr. George Meredith or Mr. Walter Pater, we had better select Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian" or Madame Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan." A missionary's wife can have any one of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's edifying outpourings; and a college graduate, Mrs. Burton Harrison's conception of "The Well Bred Girl in Society." In all these cases, prudence will dictate that the names of the donor and the recipient, with the date and some sentiment appropriate to the season, be written largely over the title page. This will avert all possibility of exchanging the volume for another, or passing it on to a second sufferer next year. People should be careful not to scrawl these affectionate inscriptions on one of the blank sheets, which may at a pinch be cut out, but on the title page itself, which no one will audaciously remove.

Passing from books to more varied Christmas offerings, the best general rule is to combine bulk with inutility. It is often possible to secure objects of domestic manufacture, by no means beautiful in themselves, and whose destined employment must forever remain an impenetrable mystery.

These things are commonly constructed of cardboard, covered with silk or embroidered linen, and lavishly decorated with ribbons. They give our friends the pleasure of unlimited speculation, which, as George Eliot properly remarks, "active minds notoriously prefer to ready-made knowledge." Next to them may be ranked articles inherently unfitted for their purpose, as embroidered frames which cannot accommodate pictures, dainty shoe-bags too small to hold shoes, and clocks with such beautiful wreaths of flowers painted on their faces that it is all but impossible to tell the time. Girls who are clever with their fingers may learn from the columns of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and kindred publications, how to make hundreds of inexpensive Christmas gifts which no living man or woman can see without a sigh.

Agnes Repplier.



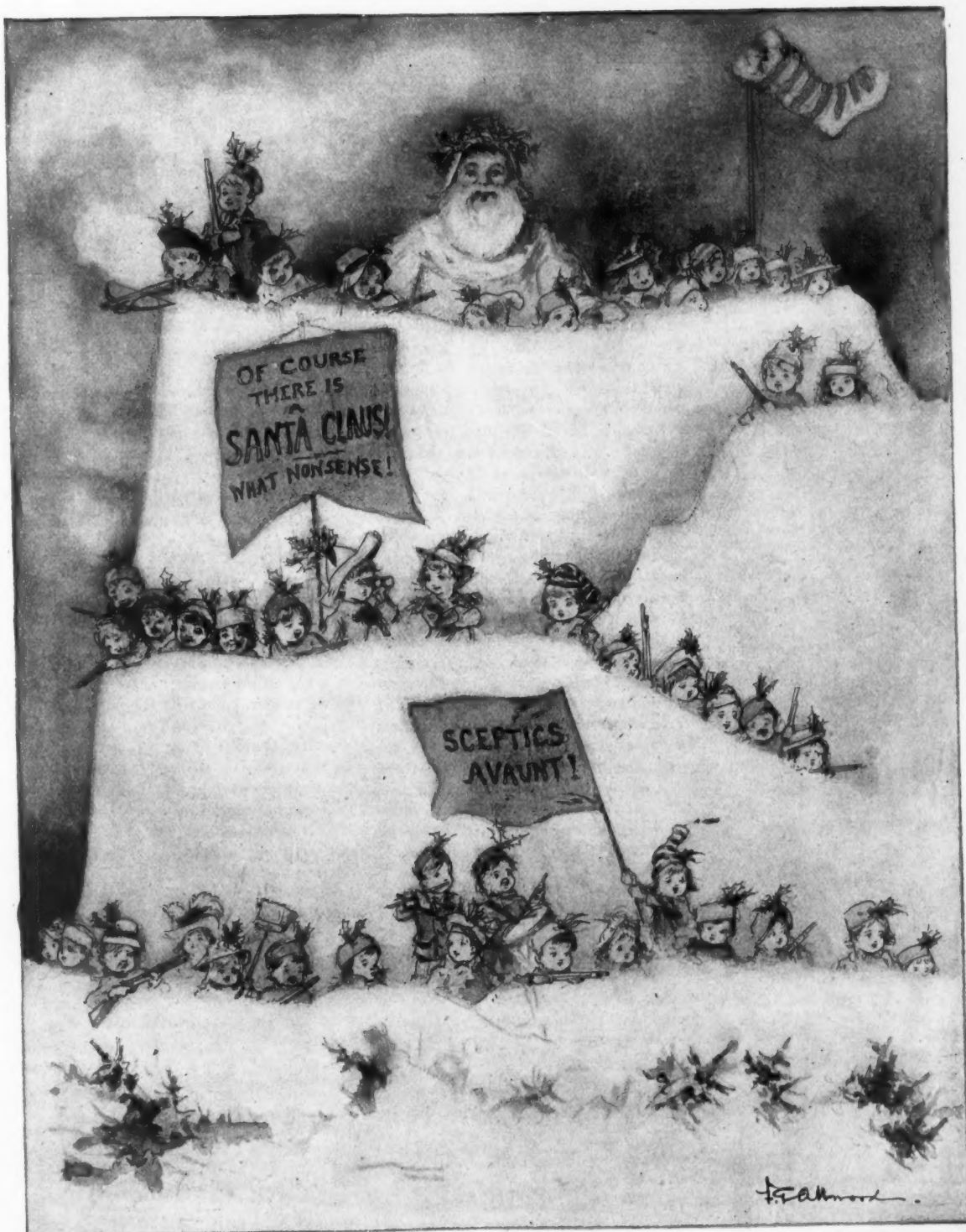
BEDTIME.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.  
A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.



A PLEASANT ENGLISH CUSTOM, WITH HISTORICAL PRECEDENTS.



THE DEFENDERS OF SANTA CLAUS.



### The Christmas Appetite.

**F**OOD is a good thing in its way ; and even drink, though it is such a vulnerable indulgence, is still tolerated on occasion by reputable persons, but for the readers of LIFE, who are not as a rule at loss for the means of nourishment, the main thing, after all, is appetite. To have appetite and no victuals is a sad plight, but it is easier dealt with, especially at Christmas time, than the fix of persons who have victuals galore and no appetite. LIFE wishes for all its friends that keen and joyous appreciation of their Christmas food which comes from a sound physical condition; from stomachs replenished at proper intervals but not crowded; from livers whose efficiency is maintained by due moderation and proper exercise. May their Christmas dinners blend cheerfully with their systems, and give them pleasant sentiments and peace of mind ! The cares of life and its worries, all qualms of conscience, all misgivings, fears, regrets and remorse—let us drive them all away from the Christmas board, and take our dinners, from oysters to plum pudding, with timely obliviousness to everything but the lawful satisfactions of the hour.

More than that, LIFE wishes its friends a good appetite for life, and the fullest enjoyments of all there is in it. That is a serious and comprehensive wish. As we don't get an appetite for dinner by sitting still and taking stimulant or nourishment between meals, so we don't get an appetite for life by dodging its

reasonable responsibilities and trying to subsist on pleasures alone. We must do our share of serious work if we expect to have our share of fun. We must play our share of golf, pay a fair proportion of our bills, marry betimes if possible, raise and educate our just proportion of posterity, do our share of governing, administer our surplus income so that it may do the most possible good, or, if we have no surplus, distribute our deficit so that it may cause the least possible inconvenience to our fellows.

Oh, brethren and fellow sinners, let us all give up trying to shirk ! There is no such thing as success in shirking. Existence is inexorable. If you don't go through the motions of it of your own volition, the earth gets hot beneath your feet, and either withers you or makes you dance to keep from broiling. Come on, brethren ! Wrestle with life, and squeeze its substance out of it ! Take the bull by the teeth, or the tail, or any sure handle, and swing him. Don't lie down and let him trample on you. It is of no vital consequence what you start to work at if only you work it out. It is of the greatest consequence that you strive honestly at something. What you have done, that you are. What you will be, depends on what you do next. What you learn, you will learn by striving, for there is no other way.

Good appetite to you, brethren ! and good dinners, and good and remunerative lives !

*E. S. Martin.*

### In the Basement.

**L**ITTLE WILLIE: I wish we lived on the top floor.  
MOTHER: Why do you wish that ?

"I'm afraid Santa Claus will give away all the best presents before he gets down to us."

### Disappointed.

**U**NCLE BOB: I suppose you got lots of nice Christmas presents ?  
LITTLE JIMMY: Naw, I didn't get nuthin' but a lot of useful things

**N**EVER look a gift automobile in the motor.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

"AUNTIE, DEAR, MAY I BORROW ONE OF YOUR STOCKINGS?"

### The Latest News About Santa Claus.

I CLAMBERED up through the sooty flue of the chimney, and knocked at the door of Santa Claus's house. A little woman with a kindly face, but with red eyelids, as though she had been

weeping, opened the door and inquired as to my business.

"I wish to see Santa Claus," I said.

"Well," she answered, with a sigh, "I wouldn't mind seeing him myself. I am Mrs. Claus, sir, and I haven't laid eyes on him in six months."

"What!" I cried. "He surely is not lost?"

"I don't know, sir," sobbed the little woman; "but I do know that he hasn't been about here since last May."

"But his business? The boys and the children—"

"He gave that up, sir—that is, he's sold out."

"Sold out?" I echoed, aghast. "Santa Claus sold out? To whom, pray?"

"Some syndicate, I believe, sir; a Trust with a very long name, which I don't quite remember, though I think it was something like the Standard Yule Company. They paid him handsomely for it, and I know he was glad to sell out, because children ain't like they used to be, and he couldn't stand the expense of giving them diamonds, and palaces, and railways. It used to be an easy business to handle when Mr. Claus could sit down and make a lot of cheap dolls, and please the little girls with things like that; but when it came to building railroads to satisfy 'em, and searching the world for diamonds, and keeping a Shetland pony stock farm to furnish them with live horses instead of the little woolly ones they used to like, he found the work too hard and expensive."

"But still," I persisted, "I don't see how a syndicate which goes into business only for profit could make anything out of an investment of this kind."

"That's what I said to Mr. Claus when he told me about it, sir," observed Mrs. Claus; "but he explained it. It was worth all the money the syndicate could raise to buy the good-will of my husband's business. He says to me, says he, 'My dear, these Trusts have got money to burn and no good-will from anybody, while I've got good-will to burn and an ingrowing income.'"

"Ah!" I said, "I see. There is, after all, a good deal in that; but I must say I should think he'd be miserable without anything to do."

"Oh, as for that," said she, "he's got plenty to do, and I guess he's happy. He's taken up golf; that's why he isn't home any more."

"And you?" I said, looking at her sadly.



"SECOND COUSIN ONCE REMOVED."



Annie (to brother): I'M A GOIN' TO JOLLY DE OLE BLOKE ABOUT DE FAMILY'S STARVIN', AN' HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO GIT HIM TO BELIEVE ME IF YOU STAY ROUN' HERE WID DOSE LEGS AN' DAT FAT FACE O' YOURN?



CHRISTMAS AT THE NORTH POLE.

Father Seal: WE MUST HURRY, MY DEARS; IT WILL BE MORNING IN THREE MONTHS.

"I'm a widder, like all the other women whose husbands do that," she said, with deep emotion.

I fled from the house, bursting with sympathy for the poor little woman, and scurried down the sooty flue again to my library. It was a sad blow to me, and I haven't a doubt that it will prove to be so to countless little people all over the world; but, after all, if the Standard Yule Company will sell a small portion of the good-will it has acquired to some of its brother Trusts, some people may be made better and happier for it.

I don't know of any individual or institution in the universe that stands more in need of a little good-will than the average syndicate, and certainly Santa Claus parted with enough to redeem them all and to spare.

Furthermore, I'd like to take a fall out of the old gentleman at golf some day. I have an impression I can give a man of his build and age a half-stroke a hole, with some prospect of coming out ahead.

Carlyle Smith.



The  
Yule  
Log.

OH, light the merry Yule log,  
And hail its cheery blaze!  
'Tis just as bright and jolly  
As in the olden days,

Although 'tis made of iron,  
And lots of gas will eat  
At a dollar-and-a-quarter  
Per every thousand feet.

Paul West.

# OUR JAMES.

BY ROBERT ALSTON STEVENSON.

(This Story won the First Prize in LIFE's Short Story Competition.)



UNTIL I managed to persuade Kitty to investigate my social plane, she had never displayed any interest in anything solvent that lived west of Third Avenue. When she graduated from college she went in for scientificslumming, and developed theories about the masses. Her residence in one of the settlements on the east side resulted in a thesis on the "Social Value of

Bathtubs in Tenements," which they say is a valuable contribution to science, in that it proves conclusively that bathing facilities in tenements will not be effective until the masses are educated to the point where they will not welcome the tubs merely as convenient receptacles for coal.

I haven't read the thesis, but I went to see Kitty get her Ph.D. at the University. She was stunning in her mortar-board and black gown, but she has since told me that the gown she wore a few months later, when old Dr. Brown and I gave her a Mrs., was much more becoming and worthy of preservation.

After the wedding, Kitty gave up fourteen of her downtown socials and clubs. She devoted, however, a great deal of energy to my instruction regarding the practical benefits of applied Slumology, but my first real lesson—one in intelligent philanthropy—was given one afternoon in Sixth Avenue.

I had given a nickel to one of my bachelor-day clients, an old blind man with blue spectacles and a trayful of pencils, on which rested a placard advertising the awful results to the bearer of a too close intimacy with dynamite.

"Don't you know better than to give money to beggars?" sighed Kitty, with a pained expression.

"Why not?" I asked. "That old boy isn't a beggar. He's blind. He's trying

to make an honest living. I didn't take the pencils; they're always crumbly, but that makes no difference. He's one of your deserving poor."

"Deserving fiddlesticks!" lectured Kitty. "That man has two good eyes and a bank account. I believe he owns a flat in Harlem besides. We investigated him when I was in the settlement. He used to follow a woolly dog on lower

yearly to the society that makes a business of running down men who make a profession of avoiding work. I have since learned to be very suspicious of appealing hard luck. I avoid the totally blind, and men with shoestrings and no extremities worth mentioning.

At dinner one evening Kitty announced that she had found a deserving tramp.



"Kitty had found the tramp at the area-gate."

Broadway, but it didn't pay after we notified the police. Then the old rascal took out a license to sell lead pencils, and came uptown with civilization and stupids like yourself, who don't know the deserving poor when you see them. It's too bad they didn't have chairs in Sociology when you went to college."

Of course I felt like a fool, and accepted Kitty's advice to contribute

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Down in the basement eating his supper," she answered, with an I'm all-right inflection. "He's a jewel."

"You'd better tie a string to him and exhibit him at one of your parlor conferences," I suggested. "By the way, have you investigated him?" I wanted to show Kitty that I had learned something.

"Not exactly," she answered. "He says he has just arrived in town and he has no references. But I applied the work test. Jane says he beats rugs better than an Irishwoman at a dollar and a half a day."

That morning, Kitty, on returning from one of her dabs at the east side, had found the tramp at the area gate. He offered to work for his dinner. She thought the offer was merely a blind, and, after consultation with Jane, they set him to work on the area-way with a bucket of water and a broom, Jane's experience and Kitty's science suggesting the outside test. The work was well done. At dinner the man appeared genuinely hungry, and asked for work in the afternoon. Kitty set him to work on the rugs, and he raised such a dust in the back yard that she engaged him to return the next morning to try his hand on the carpets. We were in the midst of the spring upheaval.

"That man will never come back." I warned Kitty, after she finished her story. "He's too good to be true."

"Now, Tom, don't be a goose. He works. Real tramps never do. Besides, he is awfully polite, and he uses good English. I believe he is a superior sort of man in hard luck."

"All right," I agreed, "but think of what Sally Mason and the rest of your scientific slummers will say when they hear that you have believed an uninvestigated tramp."

"No man I've believed in has ever deceived me"—Kitty looked across at me with a smile—"except one." And then we talked about that for an hour and forgot the tramp.

Kitty was right. The tramp returned the next morning, and I liked his looks. He seemed to understand what Kitty wanted him to do, and when I came up-town in the evening she reported that he had worked like a trooper all day.

That was the beginning of a period of domestic bliss. James proved himself so capable that Kitty engaged him indefinitely during house-cleaning, and later on permanently, as man-of-all-work. He was dignified, respectful, and thoroughly capable. He knew how everything ought to be done, and did so much that Kitty threatened to take to the slums again. She said housekeeping was no trick, with James in the basement to carry out her orders. I felt his presence in a variety of ways. My chafing-dish lost its indifferent gloomy appearance, and in less than a month the accumulations of years had been

the Italian said any fool could see that they were not ashes. A scene ensued, and when the matter was referred to Kitty the mice had been changing barrels several days. James wrapped doubtful articles in the paper bundle.

We never questioned James about his antecedents or past history. Once Kitty ventured an inquiry, and he became so embarrassed and looked so sad that she changed the subject, thinking she had unwittingly called up some sad experience in the past.

Lack of personal information, however, did not worry us. James was his own guarantee.

## II.

ONE morning, after he had been with us nearly a year, he went out to order some groceries and didn't come back. At first we thought that some accident had detained him. A day or two passed before it occurred to me to call at the police station. Kitty had imagined James mangled beneath cable cars; floating silently in the North River; falling dead, alone and without friends, in the street; and in several other equally gloomy situations. The Captain could give me no information, and suggested a visit to the morgue. I objected, but Kitty insisted that

it was my duty, so I tackled the creepiest job I have ever attempted. James wasn't there.

I was beginning to think that possibly James wasn't sick or dead, and asked Kitty to count the silver. Nothing was missing; but I had the locks changed and burglar alarms put in downstairs. In about two weeks Kitty exhausted her imaginative powers on the accident theory, and tried murder and suicide for a day or two. Then the reaction set in. She surprised me one evening by saying:

"Tom, I always did think James was a scamp. I never told you, but he



"There was no fault to be found with James."

polished off my grandfather's candlesticks. There was no fault to be found with James. Even the Street Cleaning Department was satisfied with the way he sorted our house refuse. This was especially gratifying to Kitty, for our Irish cook and the Italian ash-man seldom agreed as to what constituted ashes or garbage. Once she was obliged to get an expert opinion from the Commissioner regarding the disposal of seven dead mice we had caught in a trap. Jane insisted that they were not garbage, on the grounds that the regulations defined garbage as table scraps;

acted very queerly at times."

"How do you make him out a rascal?" I asked. "He didn't take anything, and I owe him a month's wages. We got as much as we gave. He stood the work test."

"Bother the work test!" said Kitty, impatiently. "I didn't mean that. Perhaps we did get all we gave. But we trusted him, and he didn't say—say good-by." That was all Kitty had against James.

"Here's a dinner invitation from Sally Mason," observed Kitty one morning at breakfast, several months after James had disappeared. "She says she has invited some very interesting people, most of them students of social problems."

I had had enough of social problems, and said so.

"But, Tom," she pleaded, "we ought to go. We haven't been there for ages. Besides, we ought to be grateful to Sally. If she hadn't asked me to that dinner when I met you—don't you remember?"

I remembered. and we went.

### III.

WE arrived just on the hour, and when we went down, Sally, between looks at the clock, told us that she was waiting for but one more guest.

Kitty was in her element. I was doing my best to tell a girl, who had made a study of the slums of London, what Kitty had told me about the slums of New York, when the bell rang, and a moment later the portieres parted, and there, in evening dress, stood *our James!*

Completely flabbergasted, I looked to Kitty for help.

I was too late. Sally was presenting our man-of-all-work to her guests, and before I could catch Kitty's eye he was bowing to her. When my turn came I bowed stiffly, and expected James to show some signs of recognition. He remarked, without the slightest trace of embarrassment, that he was very glad to meet me, and began discussing atmospheric conditions with Sally. I didn't catch the name she gave, and I could have choked the man for his impudence.

"Now," chirped Sally, "we'll go out. Doctor, will you give your arm to Mrs. Jackson?"

Kitty looked a bit chilly, but she was equal to the occasion, and took the arm James offered with the quiet dignity that characterized him when he shoveled out our ashes.

"Come, Tom," said Sally, and in a dazed condition I went out to dinner, vaguely realizing that Kitty was preceding on the arm of our former hired man, and wondering how he had managed to work Jack Mason for a dinner.

"For heaven's sake! who is that man with



"Completely flabbergasted, I looked to Kitty for help."

Kitty?" I managed to whisper to Sally as we sat down.

"Why, don't you know him?" she explained. "That's Doctor J. Mortimer Stubbs. He's awfully interesting. He has just completed a book called 'Personal Investigations in all Social Classes.' He spent several years getting the material, and they say it's one of the best things that has ever been done."

"I think I have met him somewhere," I answered. The truth suddenly dawned on me. Kitty and I had been investigated according to the latest method.

Kitty and Doctor J. Mortimer Stubbs sat at the other end of the table, too far away from me to hear their conversation.

After a few chilly moments, I noticed that they brightened up and appeared very much interested in each other. After the ladies had gone I took the vacant chair beside the Doctor, and, offering him a match, asked:

"Stubbs, don't you think you owe me an explanation? I don't object to furnishing material for science, but what in the world did you find in my house?"

"I do," answered the Doctor, gracefully, "and an apology for leaving you so rudely. I have apologized to Mrs. Jackson. I assure you that I intended to call and explain myself. My application for work at your home was accidental. I had lived with tramps, beggars, thieves, and all the other discontented classes, when it oc-



curred to me that it would be an original idea to make a study of the fairly contented man—the man who didn't steal, beg, or want society done over. Fortunately, I obtained a position with you, and I may say the chapter there

written I consider my best."

"Thank you," I replied; "you found the right place. I am contented."

"You have a very good reason to be," said the Doctor, which showed that he was a man of correct observation.



### Christmas Eve on the Ark.



to make Ararat, but there was evidently something wrong with his reckoning. On account of the rain he had not been able to

THE Ark was drifting slowly before light southerly breezes. Although it was Christmas Eve, it was still raining with the steady down-pour which had marked every day of the cruise of the famous yacht. For forty-eight hours Captain Noah had been expecting

get an observation for more than five weeks.

Captain Noah and Mrs. Noah were sitting in the first cabin, which was not very brilliantly lighted. The Captain had forgotten to include any kerosene in the ship's stores, and the only luminant was a bit of lighted lamb's wool floating in a dish filled with the oil from a whale which Noah had harpooned and tried out in the early days of the voyage. He had fed and bedded down the animals, and was poring over a back number of the "National Almanac," which the rain had also poured over many times. Mrs. Noah was trying to patch up some rents in Noah's mackintosh—a garment that he had bought at a department store, and which was never made to be worn out of doors in wet weather. Ham, Shem and Japhet had been carefully tucked up in their little berths and were dreaming of their pet goats, Sampson and Dewey, whom Noah had brought on board so that future volunteer regiments should be properly fitted out with mascots.

"Noah, dear," said Mrs. Noah, looking up from her work and pushing her glasses





A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.

up on her forehead, "do you know what evening this is?"

"The 24th of December, Old Style," promptly replied Noah, stealing a look at the front end of the "Almanac."

"Right the first time," said Mrs. Noah. "But it is also Christmas Eve."

"I thought as much," said the Captain. "That accounts for those darned infants of yours behaving themselves so well lately and calling me 'Papa, dear,' every two minutes. Well, what about it, anyway?"

"You know, dear, that, on account of the insurance, you wouldn't let us have any open fireplaces on board, so the poor children have had to hang their stockings up in front of the kitchen gas-stove. That's bad enough, but we came away in such an awful hurry that I never thought about Christmas, and I haven't got a single thing

to put in the stockings. I want you to help me do something to remind them that to-morrow's Christmas."

Noah's eyes moistened. He remembered those Christmas mornings, some three hundred and fifty or four hundred years before, when he, too, was a little boy, and used to rush gleefully downstairs to see what Santa Claus had put in his stocking. "Well," he said finally, "I don't know what I can do; the little money I've got I want to save towards that vineyard and wine-cellar I'm going to start as soon as we get ashore. I don't know as I'll ever be able to collect a cent of freight on this load of live stock."

"Isn't there something on the Ark we might give them?" asked Mrs. Noah.

"Well," said Noah, "them guinea-pigs had another family last night; we might

put a pair of 'em in Japhet's stocking. Japhet's mighty fond of guinea-pigs."

"Just the thing," said Mrs. Noah. "And you know how the white mice have increased; we might give a pair of them to Ham."

"But what about Shem?" asked the navigator.

"You know how fond of music the little fellow is," replied Mrs. Noah; "we might give him a violin."

"A violin? Why, ma, you know the last music store went under three days before we came aboard."

"I know that; but we've got wood enough, and we can get hair from the horses' tails for the bow."

"That's all well enough as far as it goes, but what's the good of a fiddle without strings?"

"What a goose you are, Noah! That old tom-cat has got up on the roof every night since we left a good home to come here, and kept me awake with his yowling. Why not use him?"

"That's all right; but I can't take any chances of being arrested when we get ashore for broaching the cargo. You know that's a State's prison offense."

"Just say he died a natural death."

"That would do with anything but a cat. No one ever knew a cat to die a natural death. We'll have to give up the fiddle idea, ma."

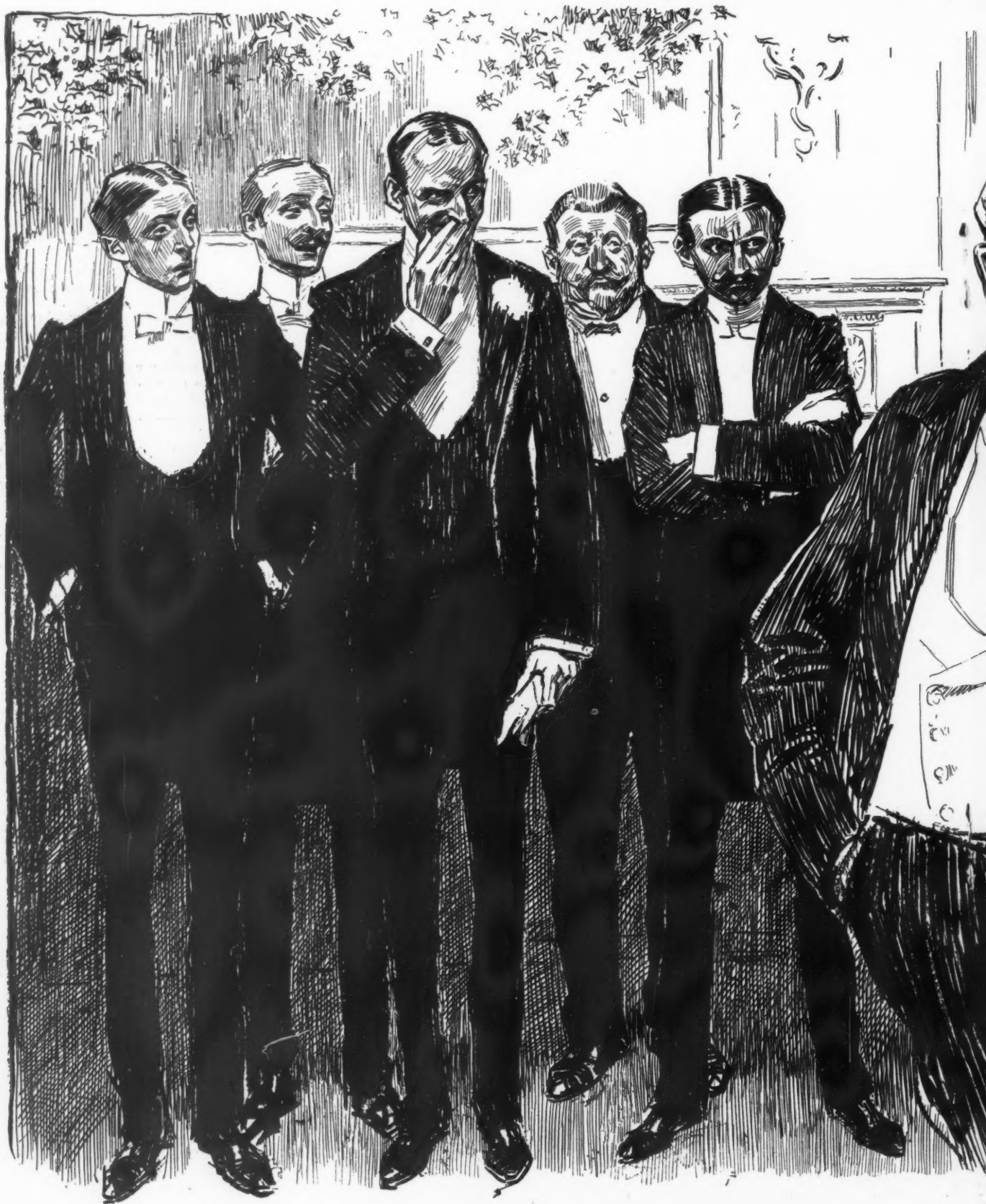
But Mrs. Noah was a woman, and "so" in her ways. Noah went on deck to have a look at the weather, and when he came back she was twisting violin strings with an air of quiet determination which several centuries of married life had taught Noah to signify that it would not be wise for him to ask superfluous questions. Therefore, he went down into the stables, plucked some nice, long horse-hairs, and set resolutely about his part of the task of constructing Shem's Christmas present.

The next morning there was joy on board the Ark, and even the poor animals, who had never been told that there was such a thing as a Humane Society, were glad that Christmas came but once a year. The boys marched all over the ship, Ham and Japhet teaching their new pets to do many clever and amusing tricks, and Shem playing "A Life on the Ocean Wave" on his beautiful fresh violin.

It was a very merry Christmas, and even the cat was happy, as he had nine lives, and enjoyed the satisfaction which comes from doing a kind and unselfish act.

When the Captain went ashore to report to the consignees, his invoice was complete. Therefore, after the manner of sailormen, he immediately proceeded to get into that frame of mind which has since become historic, and is recorded in Genesis ix. 21, in the following words: *And he drank of the wine and was drunken.*

Metcalfe.



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HIS O  
MR. DOTY'S LITTLE SCHEM

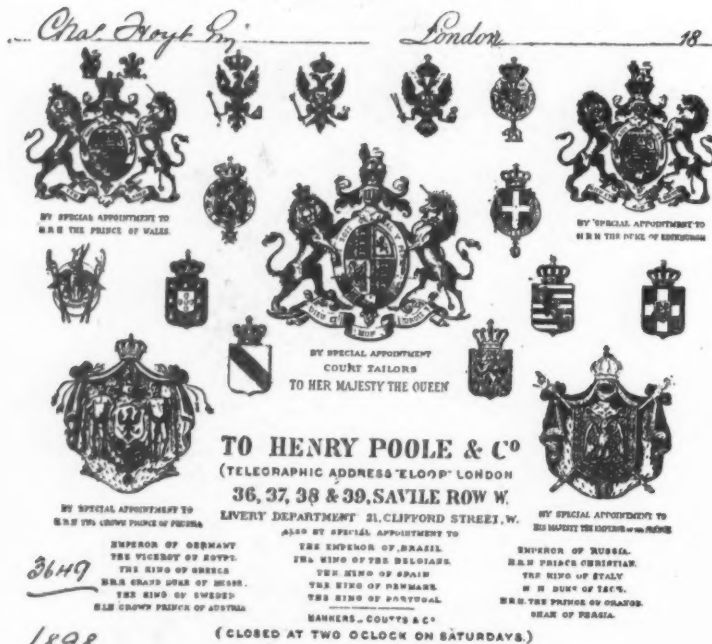


HIS ONLY CHILD.  
SCHEME FOR RETAINING HIS DAUGHTER

## "Poole's My Tailor."

Some thoughts suggested by a Tailor's Bill.—PAID.

THE BILL.



1898  
 June At Black Hartie Dress Coat lined silk 6 16 6  
 Silk breastpaings 12  
 213 Vest Silk back & 4  
 Lining 2 waist 3  
 2 pairs Trowsers 5 5

L 15 13 6  
 15% Discount 2 7 6  
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N<sup>o</sup> 45198  
 1-13-6  
 RECEIVED FOR  
 H. POOLE  
 1 July Chalks.

## THE THOUGHTS.

YES, "Poole's my tailor." POOLE! You know!  
 Who makes the Prince of Wales's things.  
 He's tailor (as his billheads show)  
 To half the emperors and kings.  
 An introduction is required  
 At Poole's, before they'll take your trade.  
 No common people are desired,  
 However promptly bills are paid.  
 Yet my bill shows, 'mong other things,  
 "Discount (for cash) fifteen per cent."  
 Oh! Can it be that, sometimes, kings  
 Are—shall we call it "negligent"?  
 Some several things about this bill

Lead me to ponder and to muse;  
 Such names—the Emperor of Brazil,  
 "The Emperor of the French"—they use,  
 Though once those names great lustre shed,  
 Deposed, deceased, forgot are they.  
 And Poole, himself, I'm told is dead,  
 But his name lives and holds its sway.

And so I ask: "What's in a name?"

The answer on this bill appears:  
 If you would have undying fame,  
 Wield, not the sceptre, but the shears.  
 Some other things about this bill  
 Lead me to wonder and to guess.  
 What seek ye in your tailor? Skill?—  
 But why indulge this foolishness?  
 POOLE IS MY TAILOR!! And I beg  
 To gloat on it for all it's worth.  
 The tape that told my length of leg  
 Perhaps has told the Prince's girth.  
 Perhaps the iron that, passing o'er  
 These garments, made them look so nice,  
 Had pressed the coat his Highness wore  
 When Langtry chilled his back with ice.

These great folks don't seem so remote,  
 As all these thoughts occur to me;  
 With Poole's name right inside one's coat,  
 One feels quite close to royalty.  
 And lots of fellows, I surmise,  
 Feel just that way. And I'm afraid  
 It's not the clothes that Poole's supplies,  
 But the dear Prince, that draws the trade!  
 For I have shown my suit to Reiss  
 (My tailor—er—that used to be).  
 He wants my trade, but yet agrees  
 That "Poole" links one to royalty.  
 And so, while it's against his rules  
 (He mend mistakes of others? "Nit!"),  
 Still, just to handle goods from Poole's,  
 He'll try to make the d—d things fit.

Charles Hoyt.



## LOST GLORY.

"AM DEY GOIN' TER MAKE YER PAP SIT IN DE CHAIR AT SING SING,  
 JIMMIE?"  
 "NAW! DE DERN POOL JURY SAYS HE AINT' GUILTY!"



A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

### A Surprise.

**H**USBAND: I'd like to be able to live my past life over again.

**WIFE:** I am surprised at you, John. Haven't you blundered enough as it is?

**F**OOLLS are the only people who have no doubts about anything.

### Anxious To.

**D**EACON JONES (*a physician*): I should like to prescribe for your friend Willis just once.

**WALLACE:** Why?

"He said I was a hypocrite."

**T**RUTH and medicine are best a little at a time.

### A New Acquaintance.

"**O**LD Boreas is here!" exclaimed Mr. Ricketts, as he entered the sitting-room, rubbing his hands.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Ricketts, "why did you bring somebody home that I never heard of before?"



### Lèse Majesté.

THE Lion ramps around the cage,  
The Lady smiles to see him rage.  
The little Mouse outside the bars  
Looks on and laughs. "Well, bless my  
stars!"

Quoth he, "to think they call that thing  
The *King of Beasts*! If he's a King,  
Who cannot make the Lady wince,  
What must I be? When, not long since,

Inside the cage I chanced to slip,  
You should have seen that Lady skip  
Upon the Lion's back. 'Help! Murder!  
A Mouse!' she screamed; you should have  
heard her!  
And then with brooms the keepers came  
And drove me out (but, all the same,  
I got the crumb that I was after).  
A King, indeed! Excuse my laughter!"

*Oliver Herford.*

## Mae Montsevern's Humbled Hopes.

### CHAPTER I.

THERE had been a great bargain sale of chuck steaks the day before, and so the butcher department in Catchem's Mammoth Emporium was comparatively deserted the morning on which our story opens. Beautiful Mae Montsevern, still tired from the unparalleled run of yesterday, moved languidly about, dressing some beeves that had just come down from the abattoir on the roof.

"Alas!" murmured our heroine, as she threaded her needle with No. 60 black flax, "what girl in the world so unhappy as I! Mother, father, sisters and brothers—all on these poor, frail shoul-

ders of mine. Oh, dear! Even though working in a butcher department, I cannot make both ends meet!"

She smiled a little at her wee, innocent joke; but it was a sad smile, and soon gave way to tears.

"Nonsense!" suddenly exclaimed the brave girl, dashing away the salt drops. "Crying, when they have promised you a 'raise' at Christmas? Fie upon you, Mae Montsevern!"

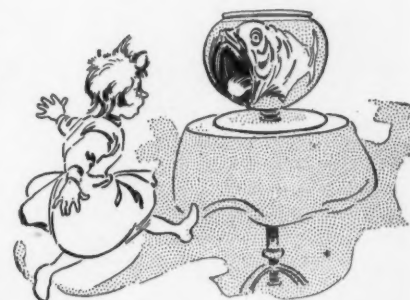
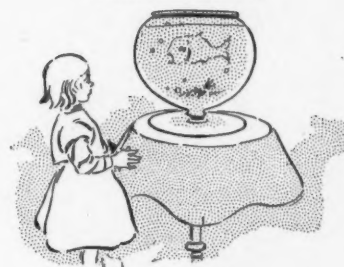
### CHAPTER II.

The sun was just tingeing the East with roscate glow as beautiful Mae climbed the steps to her humble tenement home, for she worked on the night shift at the great department store, with hours from five to five. "Hello, mother!" she cheerily called, opening the door and springing into the room.



Uncle Sam: HELLO, CHRIS! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME THIS YEAR?  
"NOT MUCH, SAM. YOU HAVE ALREADY SECURED ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU WANTED."

### HIS LITTLE EFFECT.



A slender woman, with hair still showing many traces of refining, came out from behind a screen.

"Triplets!" she announced, with a despairing catch in her voice.

"Triplets!" gasped Mae. "Oh, mother! It was hard enough to make my two dollars per week do for seventeen, and now what will it be with twenty! But cheer up!" she cried, wiping away her mother's tears; "I get a 'raise' Christmas, you know!"

### CHAPTER III.

Christmas Day dawned bright and clear. It had been a hard night for Mae, but sorrow and repining were swallowed up in joy at the thought of the promised "raise." Taking the elevator, she as-



THROWING LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

"FO' DE LORD! AM DAT MA MAMMY OR MISS SANTA CLAUS?"

cended to the first floor, and went at once to the office of the general manager.

"Merry Christmas, Miss Montsevern," he called cheerily. "Suppose you've come to see about your 'raise'? Eh, *ma belle*?"

"Yes," responded Mae, rather sharply, for she didn't know what "*ma belle*" meant. "Do I get it?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the manager, with a twirl of his brilliantined moustache; "you have been transferred from the basement to the one hundred and fiftieth floor. The firm of Catchem, my dear Miss Montsevern, always keeps its promises!"

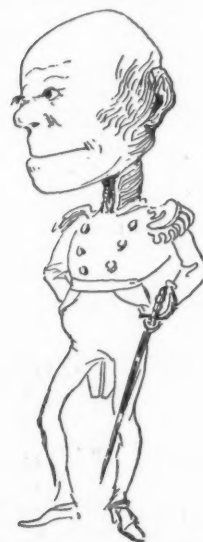
Geo. E. Creel.

### Her Christmas Greeting.

IT'S Christmas, and she sends to me  
A neat and pretty card;  
But as I read my face grows long—  
It must be quite a yard.

'Tis not because its worth is slight  
That I am filled with woe;  
It is an invitation to  
Her wedding, don't you know!

James Barrett Kirk.



AN Admiral, haughty and stern,  
Was kissed by some girl at each turn.  
Said he: "I could stand it  
If they didn't demand it,  
But compulsory microbes I spurn."

"PROVIDENCE tempers the wind  
to the shorn lamb." That is why  
Christmas comes but once a year.



"SAY, MISTER, DO YOU BITE OFF THE TAIL OR  
EAT HIM WHOLE?"

## The Century Co.'s Christmas Books.



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## The Christmas Century

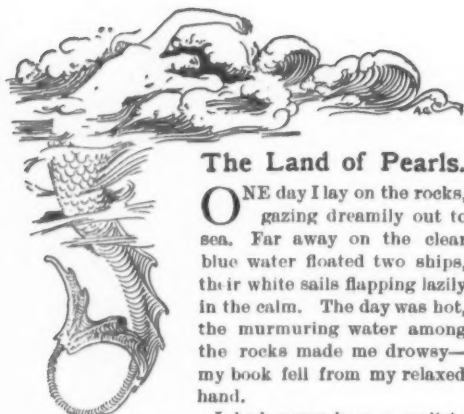


### Contains the first part of LIEUT. HOBSON'S

Personal Narrative of The Sinking of the "Merrimac."

In this richly illustrated Christmas number begins the most interesting magazine feature of the season,—the most dramatic incident of the war, graphically described by its hero. Lieut. Hobson will write exclusively for THE CENTURY, and his narrative will be complete in three numbers, beginning with December.

In this same issue appears that part of Capt. Sigsbee's story of the "Maine" which covers the explosion in Havana harbor. The number contains Christmas stories, Christmas pictures and poems, a portrait of the original Alice of "Alice in Wonderland," and a great number of Christmas attractions, making what is believed to be the most interesting Christmas number ever issued. The cover is the work of the great French artist Tissot. \$4.00 a year. Begin subscriptions now.



### The Land of Pearls.

ONE day I lay on the rocks, gazing dreamily out to sea. Far away on the clear blue water floated two ships, their white sails flapping lazily in the calm. The day was hot, the murmuring water among the rocks made me drowsy—my book fell from my relaxed hand.

I had never been a realist; the story, therefore, irritated me; the author had struck a false note. Was he merely an ape?—a king's jester with cap and bells, whose business was to amuse the crowd? I sighed, and looked over the edge of the rocks, down into the calm of a deep green pool. To its walls long seaweed clung, which floated with the rising of the tide. The water was so clear I saw the bottom. It was covered with fine white sand; and, behold, in the centre swam a tiny mermaid, swishing her tail and laughing as she played tag with a bluefish.

I watched the game, till at last the bluefish grew tired and swam moodily away. With a toss of her head she blew him a kiss, and, swishing her tail, she swam to a rock near by. Up she climbed and seated herself in the warm sun. She then shook out her hair, which hung to her waist in long, fair waves.

I gazed enraptured.

She looked toward me finally; her eyes twinkled, a pretty smile stole over her face, and, putting both dainty hands to her mouth, she blew me a kiss. With a coy look, but with roguish eyes, she then said: "Won't you come down, fair sir, and sit by me on the rock? It's cooler here; besides, we can talk and be merry. Please come down."

I descended and leaped upon the rock. As I did so, she held out her pretty arms and laughed with delight. I seated myself by her.

Placing her hand in mine and looking up coquettishly, she asked: "Don't you think he was very rude?"

"Rude! Why, who was rude, my pretty mermaid?"

"The bluefish. He left me in a tiff, because he couldn't catch me. You see, he thinks—I love him. But I don't, you know. Now, you wouldn't be so rude, would you?"

She was so bewitching, I put my arm round her and kissed her lips. "Nay, my

pretty maid. How *could* he have been so rude?"

A faint blush stole into her cheeks; she cast her eyes shyly to the ground, sighed, and moved a little closer. My arm was still round her.

A moment's pause. The bluefish swam cautiously round the edge of a rock; he watched her with jealous eyes. I saw a tear roll down his cheek.

"Where do you live, my pretty one?"

"I live in the Land of Pearls," she answered.

"And where is that?"

"The Land of Pearls is at the bottom of the great green sea. Would you go with me?" She raised her hand and stroked my face. "I should so like to have you go!"

The bluefish splashed his tail savagely and darted away.

"But how can I go to the land where you live? I don't know how to swim."

She looked at me archly from the corner of her eyes, and leaned her head against my arm. "You don't have to know how to swim. Just take my hand, be nice to me, and I'll lead you to the land where I live."

I took her hand, and we jumped from the rock, down to the bottom of the pool. We stood upon the fine white sand, holding each other's hand, her lithe figure shining like silver in the sunlight, her fair hair falling slowly round her, a shower of gold.

Hand in hand we wandered out into the deep blue sea; the rocks rose high, covered with clinging seaweed; the waves rolled overhead, but all was silent and motionless at the bottom of that deep blue sea. Great fish sailed lazily by, gazing at us with wondering eyes. A clumsy cod swam towards us and stared stupidly into my face.

"You're very rude!" said my mermaid; "the gentleman's a friend of mine."

Then a porpoise came, rolling from side to side. As he passed he made a very drunken bow. My mermaid returned his bow; then, heaving a little sigh, she said: "It's a pity he's so dissipated; he's awfully nice at times."

And so we wandered, till we came to another land; the blue sea faded—it became an emerald green; beautiful shells lay at our feet; here and there dark-green lobsters crept slowly over the fine white sand; mermaids danced about us, their exquisite figures flashing like silver in the light of the green. One of them sat on the sand, holding a shell to her ear, and as she listened to the roar within she laughed and shouted for joy.

About us, beautiful little sea-fairies gathered, graceful and happy. My mermaid presented me, saying: "The gentleman's a friend of mine; I met him at the pool.



"A HIGH ROLLER."

He's going with me to the Land of Pearls. Won't you come, too?"

"Why, yes," they answered, "and thank you, too. Let's all go to the Land of Pearls."

The fish that were swimming round us laughed aloud, and cried: "Let's all go to the Land of Pearls!"

My pretty mermaid shrugged her shoulders and pouted. She then pressed my hand and said: "I think they're very pushing. I don't like a crowd."

We went on, the mermaids dancing about us, the rabble bringing up the rear.

"When shall we get to that land of yours?" I asked.

"Oh, very soon. It's yonder in that deeper green over the brow of that hill."

At last we stood on the brow of the hill. In the valley lay a city of pearls, far as the eye could see. The houses were of pearl; the streets; and the meadows beyond were scattered with pearls. Through the streets swam beautiful fish of many colors, and lovely mermaids gracefully wound their way among the throng. The water was an emerald green, ever changing; now dark, now light.

As we descended the valley, I saw that the crowd of fish that had followed us halted at the top of the hill. They watched us with staring eyes, then swam away.

I turned to my mermaid and said: "Tell me, sweet one, why do they go away?"

"Why? They couldn't come with us; the King wouldn't allow it. They are the common throng, who live in the blue sea through which we came."

"The King! Pray, who is your King?"

She tossed her tiny head, and with a touch of scorn she replied: "You're very ignorant. Have you never heard of our King?"

# Scribner's Announcement

THE MAGAZINE FOR '99.



THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.



COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.  
From a copyrighted photograph by  
Rockwood.

## GOV. ROOSEVELT WILL WRITE FOR SCRIBNER'S EXCLUSIVELY ON THE SUBJECT OF THE SPANISH- AMERICAN WAR.

(1) He will tell the picturesque story of the Rough Riders, from the inception of the original idea to the mustering out of his famous regiment. It begins in January and will run through six numbers.

Many of the numerous illustrations are from photographs taken under the supervision of Colonel Roosevelt.

(2) A series of articles telling of the preparation of the Navy (in which, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he took an active part), of the administrative side of the campaign, the strategy, etc.

**RICHARD HARDING DAVIS**, whose war descriptions have been one of the chief features of the year, will continue to be a prominent contributor, beginning in the January Scribner with a love story of the war.

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S LETTERS**, Edited by **SIDNEY COLVIN**, will begin in January and continue throughout the year. Illustrated from rare sources.

**SENATOR HOAR'S REMINISCENCES**, illustrated from portraits, facsimiles, etc., will be his political and personal memoirs, dealing with the great public men and events of the past half century, and are written in an anecdotal manner.

**GEORGE W. CABLE'S SHORT SERIAL LOVE-STORY**, illustrated by **ALBERT HENTER**, will begin in the January number.

**JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S** group of stories, illustrated by **FROST**, will be called "The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann."

**MRS. JOHN DREW'S REMINISCENCES**, with an introduction by her son, **JOHN DREW**, will be full of anecdotes of famous players and playhouses. Illustrated from rare sources.

**SHORT STORIES**, of the sort for which Scribner's is known, will be plentiful, including a quite extraordinary tale in a fresh field by **RUDYARD KIPPLING**.

**ROBERT GRANT'S SEARCHLIGHT LETTERS** include "To a Young Man Wishing to be an American," "To a Young Man or Young Woman in Search of the Ideal," etc.

**A SHORT SERIAL STORY BY "Q,"** a stirring tale of love and adventure, to run about half the year.

**SIDNEY LANIER'S MUSICAL IMPRESSIONS** will be given in a series of letters from the late poet to his wife.

**C. D. GIBSON'S** "The Seven Ages of the American Woman," drawings by **Pyle**, **Parrish**, **Reinicke**, **McCarter**, **W. A. Clark**, and others, are included in the Art Plans for '99.

*The full prospectus in small book form printed in colors with illustrations (cover and decorations by Henry McCarter) will be sent upon application.*

**The December Scribner** contains a notable article by the Rt. Hon. **JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN**, on "America and Colonial Expansion"; "In the Rifle Pits," by **RICHARD HARDING DAVIS**; "The Taking of Manila," by **Capt. T. BENTLEY MOTT**; Senator **LODGE'S** "Story of the Revolution" (conclusion); "A Mimic War Correspondence," by **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**; three striking short stories, and numerous rich illustrations, including 16 pages in color, by **MAXFIELD PARRISH**. PRICE \$3.00 A YEAR, 25 CENTS A NUMBER.

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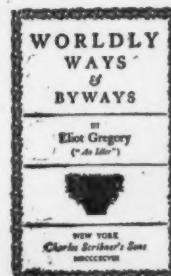
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"No; I'm sorry to say, I never have."

"You needn't be so airy; our King is a very great man. Now, if you're good and polite to me I'll take you to see our King."

I promised. So down we went to the City of Pearls. About us swam beautiful fish, some purple, some crimson, some gold. Now and then we met a pretty mermaid leaning on the fin of a goldfish, and as they passed she bowed and smiled, but the fish only stared at me vacantly.

Down the street rolled a chariot; it was made of gold, inlaid with pearls. The coachman and footman were crimson fish, the prancing steeds sea-horses. In the chariot reclined a mermaid, beautiful to behold. She was taller than her sisters, and she bore a queenly air. On her lips played that same happy smile I had seen on those of all the others. She approached, and I noticed that all the fish stood still and bowed.

As she drew near she waved her hand to us, and with a gracious bow she said: "Welcome to the Land of Pearls!"

I turned to my tiny mermaid—she was dancing at my side. I looked round at the smiling faces of her sisters, at the gayly colored fish. Ah!—happy little world! A world without a care!

"And who is the lady?" I asked.

"She's the Queen. And now we are drawing near to our King. Don't you feel afraid?"

With such a merry twinkle she looked at me, my heart bounded with delight. I took her face between my hands, I kissed her—there in the street, before the crowd.

The other mermaids danced about us; the fish laughed with glee, and all of them exclaimed: "He kissed her in the street!"

My mermaid was silent; she blushed a delicate rose; she pressed my hand and murmured: "You're very nice."

We turned the corner of a street into an open square where stood a pavilion, built of coral, and overgrown with seaweed of rare growth, some red, some green. We entered and stood before a golden throne. It was studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls. On either side stood a swordfish, and about us were grouped mermaids and gayly colored fish. A man sat on the throne; long white hair hung about his shoulders, a white beard flowed down his breast. A crown of gold was on his head, and in his hand he held a three-pronged spear. Weather-beaten was his face, and his eyebrows shaggy. But his eyes twinkled, and a smile played round the corners of his mouth.

"Welcome, friend! What brought you here?"

My mermaid meekly spoke: "Please, your Excellency, I brought him. I met him at the pool; he put his arm about me, and was so very nice, I wanted him to come to the Land of Pearls."

The monarch knit his brow and said: "So, sir, you've been flirting with one of my mermaids!"

All the fish and mermaids crowded about us; they laughed, and cried aloud: "Yes—and he kissed her in the street; we saw it!"

There we were—two wicked culprits—accused of some unknown crime.

By my side my mermaid stood trembling; her exquisite little head drooped pathetically. I felt myself growing angry. I turned



MR. WHISTLER.

on the crowd and exclaimed: "Yes, and I'll do it again if you like!"

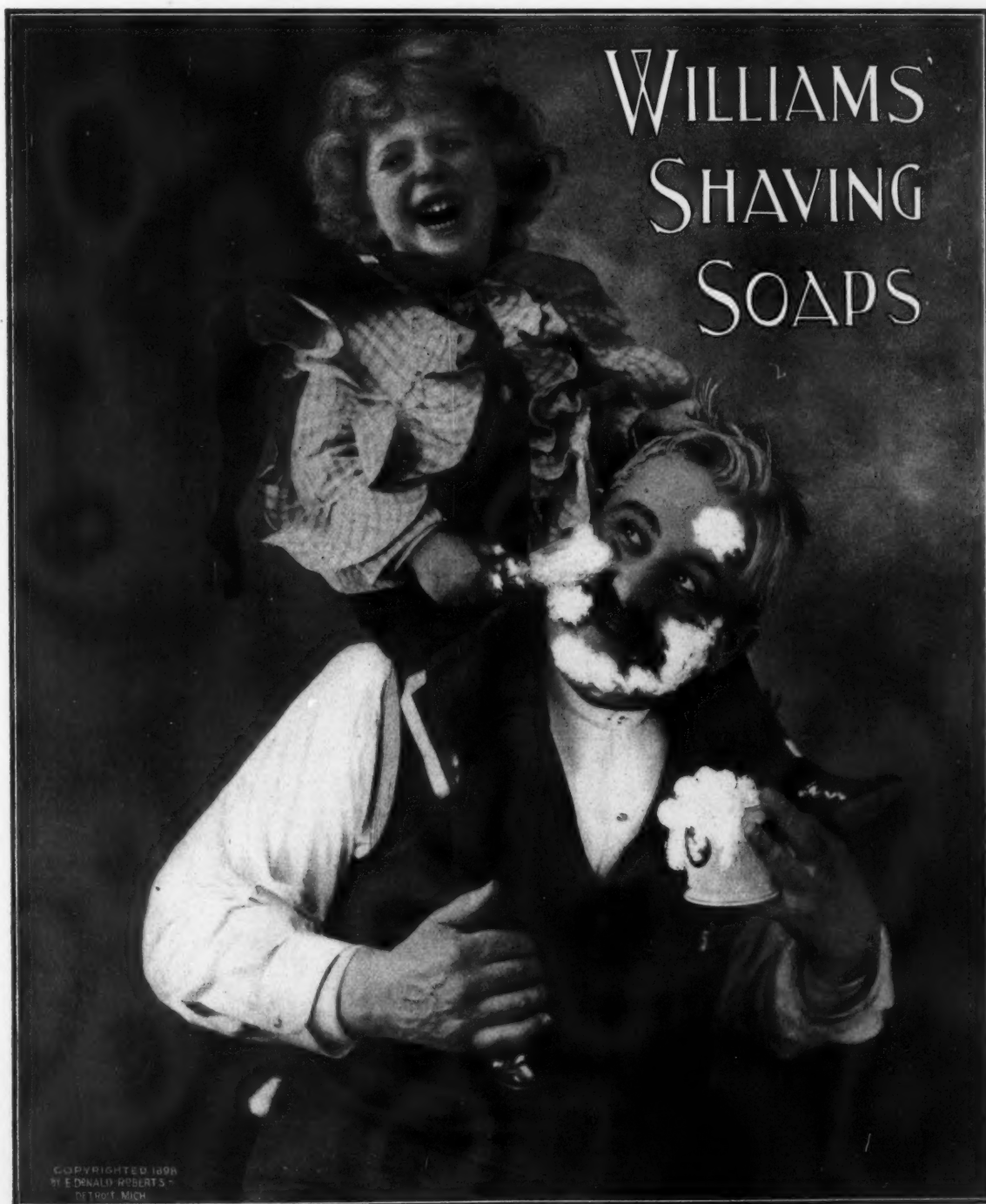
Her hand stole into mine, she pressed it softly—just a dainty little squeeze—and the crowd shouted: "He'll do it again if we like!"

"Silence!" cried the King. "We'll lock him up in prison; that will be the thing—'twill teach him better manners."

"Don't send him to prison, dear King," pleaded my lovely mermaid. "Just because he was nice to me. The gentleman's a friend of mine. I love him, and he loves me."

"Oh!" exclaimed the King, "you love him! Well, that's another

• LIFE •



A Merry Christmas.

thing. Take him, by all means, if you like the kind. I can't say I think much of your taste."

So we wandered away—she and I—away to the meadow, where the seaweed grows. And as we went a change crept over me; my heart bounded—I laughed aloud.

We sat upon a bank of moss. Leaning her head against my shoulder, she sang to me a song of love. She took me into her arms; my head sank wearily upon her bosom, my eyes closed, the sweet song filled my ears.

Suddenly all grew dark; the song ceased abruptly. My mermaid uttered a little scream and clung to me. "The shark—the enemy of our land!" she cried.

Far away in the dark-green water a shadow took form; it was yellow, spotted with black and brown; it rushed at us with savage, wide-open mouth.

I looked about. At my feet lay the cast-off sword of a swordfish. Seizing it, I dropped upon my knee, clasping my love in one arm.

A second only. With a rush and whirl the shark passed over our heads. I drove the sword home. He turned, the sword buried in his side; but he was weak and sank to the ground; the water became a brilliant crimson.

Clasping my trembling mermaid in my arms, I rushed back to the City of Pearls. I found the King and told him all.

When I had finished he smiled, and said: "Thanks, kind sir; you have killed our enemy; we owe you much. You shall live in this land, and have a house to your taste—" He stopped short; he became uneasy.

Then he continued: "I know you'll pardon me if I—er—make a remark—it's so embarrassing to us all. Don't you think she could stand alone?"

What did he mean? The swordfish, who stood on either side of the throne, had turned their backs; a group of mermaids were tittering.

It occurred suddenly to me. I stood before the King, my mermaid clasped to my breast, her snow-white arms twined round my neck, a beautiful smile on her lips.

Well, they built us a house. It is all of pearl, and the steps—they are made of gold.

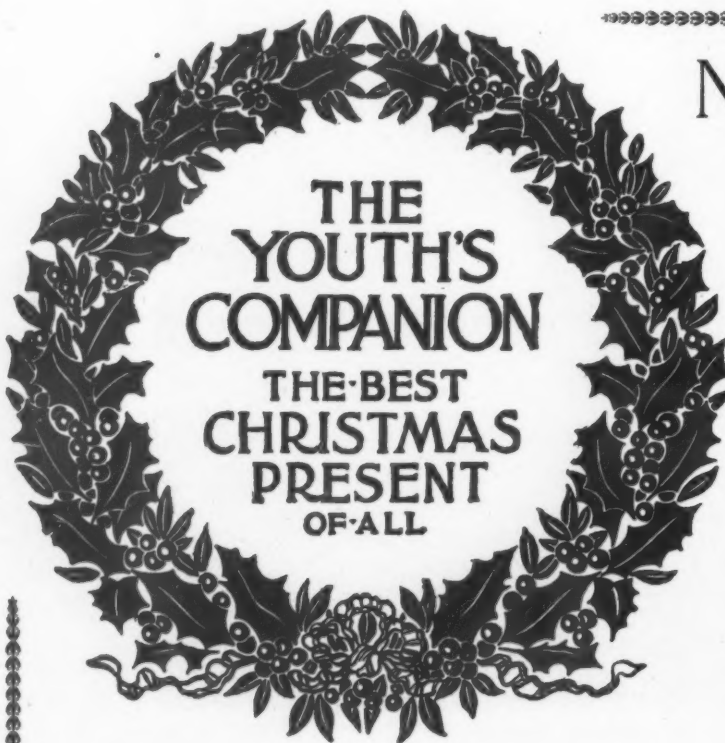
Years have rolled by, and we still live there, my dainty mermaid and I. She's just the same; she's grown no older, and she's quite as coquettish as ever. As for myself, I'm no older. We never grow old in this beautiful land.

William Winslow.



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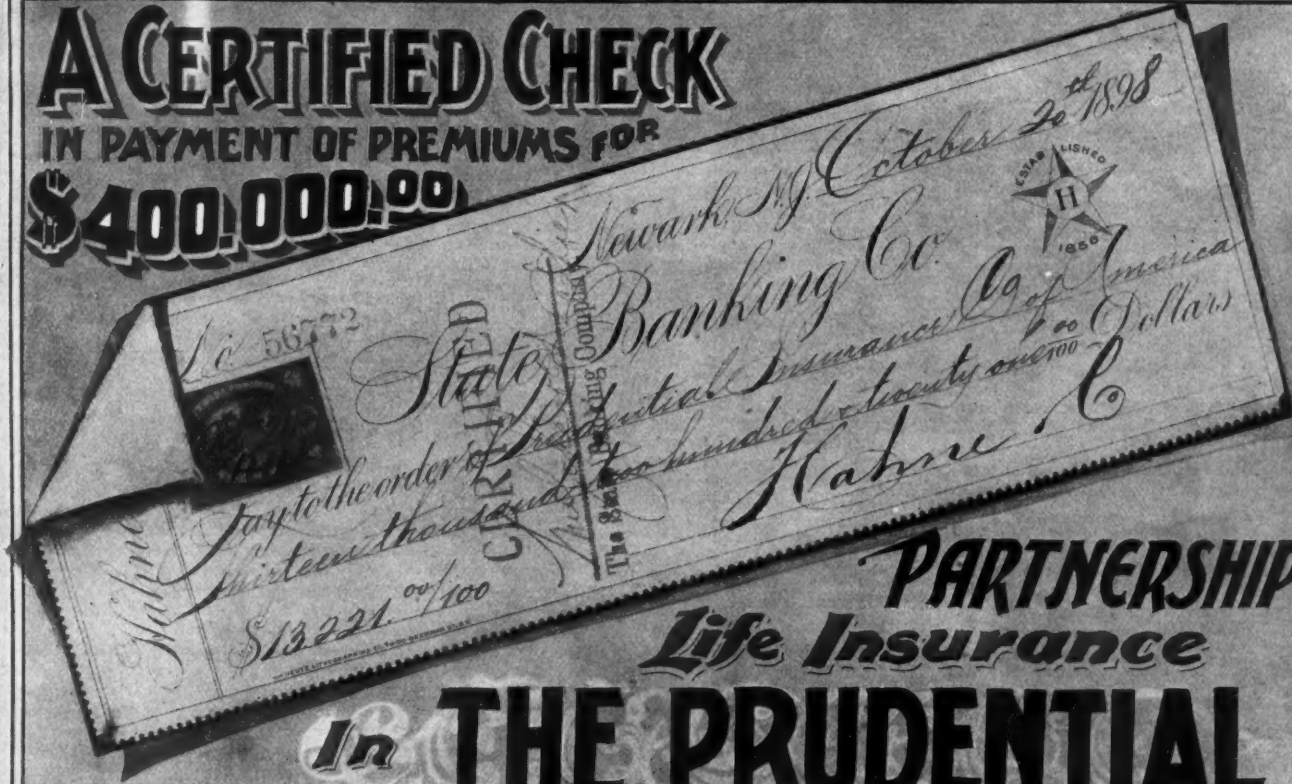
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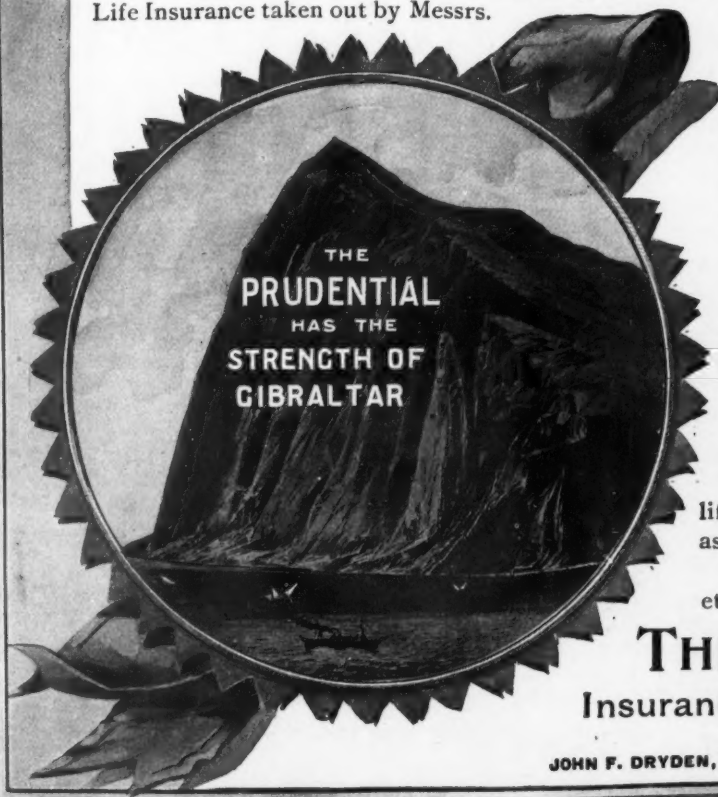
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SENATOR BATES of Tennessee told me an anecdote of Colonel Tom Sumter that I have never seen in print. Sumter was a giant of a fellow, with a voice like a fog-horn. It is said his "holler" could be heard for miles. On one occasion when he was off on a foray, the Tories came and captured his wife, Molly, and stripped the plantation of everything. When "Old Tom" came home and found Molly gone his rage knew no bounds. Gathering together such forces as he could, he put after the Tories. He overtook them on the third day, and hung about until midnight. Then he deployed his forces around the camp, and told them to await his orders to fire. He was afraid of Molly being shot in the mêlée, so when he got everything ready he opened his big mouth and let out a yell that fairly made the earth tremble. "Lay down, Molly! Lay down, Molly!" and Molly, recognizing those stentorian tones, fell prone on her face, and after the last "Lay down, Molly," came the command, "Fire and charge." Molly was recaptured without being hurt. —*Exchange*.

THE magician was making a one-night stand in a little Jersey town. He had been performing for an hour, and had his audience in good humor. It was "with him" in everything, and when he pulled the bad boy of the town up on the stage a general laugh followed.

"Are you sure, my lad, that all your pockets are empty?" he asked.

"Quite sure, sir," answered the youngster, "for the rabbit dat' you put in me coat before de show got away." —*Philadelphia Call*.

AN English paper says that the hat of a certain short-sighted master at Eton blew off one day, and as he started in pursuit a black hen dashed out of the gateway. The schoolmaster saw the hen and thought it was his hat, and all Eton was electrified by the spectacle of a hatless and breathless reverend man hunting a black hen from one end of the street to the other. —*Argonaut*.

"YESTERDAY," said Jabson, "I refused a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Mabson; "who was the woman?"

"My wife." —*Vanity Fair*.

THE Scotch reverence for Gladstone is displayed in this conversation between two Scotchmen. One of them said, with much emphasis: "There hasna been a lawgiver equal to Mr. Gladstone since the days of Moses."

"Moses!" retorted the other; "Moses got the law gien t'ie him frae the Lord, but Mr. Gladstone maks laws out o' his ain heed." —*Exchange*.

TEASING FRIEND: What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?

TOMMY (*indignantly*): It don't cry so very much; and, anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I fancy you'd feel like crying yourself! —*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

"MARY, I saw the baker kiss you to-day. I think I shall go down and take the bread in future."

"'Twouldn't be no use, ma'am; he wouldn't kiss you, 'cos he promised he'd never kiss anyone else but me."

—*Ally Sloper*.

A CERTAIN General and his staff, while wending their way through one of the narrow valleys of Tirah, were annoyed by the attentions of a solitary marksman, who from time to time sent a bullet unpleasantly close. At last the General turned to his orderly—a Pathan sowar—and told him to dismount, take his carbine and try and stalk the mountaineer. The sowar started off, and presently there was a crack, and a gray-bearded old Afridi tumbled headlong down the mountain side. The sowar rejoined and fell into his place. "Well

done!" said the General; "but how on earth did you manage it so easily?"

"Oh," replied the sowar, "I knew his habits; he was my father." —*London Truth*.

It was a colored lady who presented herself the other day in Lexington, Ky., at the place of registration to qualify for the casting of her vote upon the school question at the next election, a franchise only recently bestowed upon the women of the Blue Grass State.

"With what political party do you affiliate?" inquired the clerk of the unaccustomed applicant, using the prescribed formula.

Dusky blushes, coyness and confusion.

"Is I 'bleeged to answer that there question?"

"Certainly; the law requires it."

"Then, lady," retreating in dismay, "I don't b'lieve I'll vote, 'case I'd hate to have to mention the party's name. He's one of the nicest gent'muns in town." —*Wave*.

CHARLES LEVER, the novelist, was once the guest of Doctor Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, at his country seat. Among the other guests were some of the expectant clergy, who paid submissive court to their host. While the Archbishop and his guests were walking through the grounds the prelate plucked from a bush a leaf which, he declared, had a most nauseous flavor.

"Taste it," said he, handing the leaf to one of the clergy.

The latter smilingly obeyed, and then, with a wry face, subscribed to the botanical orthodoxy of the Archbishop.

"Taste it, you, Lever," said the gratified prelate, handing the leaf to the novelist.

"No, thank you," said Lever, laughing; "my brother is not in your Grace's diocese."

—*Argonaut*.

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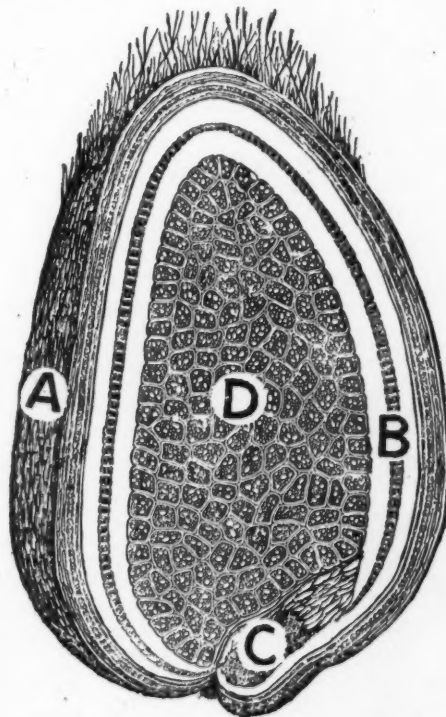
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